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THE CIRCULATION OF THE
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OF
THE WORLD

for the week ending Saturday, April 21, was as follows:

MONDAY	96,200
TUESDAY	100,680
WEDNESDAY	106,580
THURSDAY	106,800
FRIDAY	103,300
SAUNDAY	100,920

Average for the entire
Month of March, 106,201

THE EVENING WORLD has a larger circulation than any Evening paper printed in English and is not afraid to publish its figures or open its books to the public.

NOW FOR A VETO.

The combination of hayseed statesmen and tools of the money power has passed by one majority the bill cutting down the Saturday half holidays to four months in the summer. A dozen half holidays in the year are enough for working people, in the minds of bankers, to whom every day is two-thirds holiday, and of farmers who use every Saturday for a "picnic to town."

But the repeal isn't carried yet. Gov. Hill blocks the way. As an original advocate of the Half Holiday, and a witness to its good effects on the working classes, he cannot consistently sign the repeal.

In order to give the Governor information as to the wishes of the wage-workers, and moral support in his position, THE EVENING WORLD has prepared petitions asking him to veto the cutting off of two-thirds the holidays. Let them be signed promptly.

AGAIN NO ESCAPES.

Once more human life has been sacrificed to the carelessness or greed of a landlord and the non-performance of their duty by the Building Inspectors.

It is the old story—a midnight fire in a double tenement, with no means of escape; the suffocation of one woman in the smoke-filled hall; the fatal injury of another woman by jumping from a third-story window, and the burning and maiming of other occupants in their frantic efforts to save their lives.

Is there no way of getting the laws enforced in this city?

JUSTICE'S HANDICAP.

When judges upon the Bench feel called upon to rebuke the District-Attorney's office for its bungling and inefficiency, the people of the city can see the natural and foretold result of placing a clever and eloquent, but administratively incompetent man at its head.

Judge Cowrie yesterday discharged a man under indictment, saying: "I never saw such bungling in all my life, and I hold the District-Attorney's office responsible. The indictment is the most carelessly drawn I have ever seen." And on the same day Recorder SMITH, obliged to adjourn a case for lack of witnesses, said if he had charge of the District Attorney's office he would "clean it out."

Poor old handicapped Justice!

WANTS MORE PATRONAGE.

Mayor Hewitt favors the bill to put the Brooklyn Bridge into politics. To take the management of this great public work out of the hands of capable, honest and public-spirited business men and vest its control in the hands of three men appointed by politician-made Mayors would be simply throwing one more "fat job" to the ring-masters.

The investigation into Aqueduct methods does not encourage this sort of crawfish progress. The Mayors have already patronage enough. The election last fall shows that there is no telling who may be Mayor yet.

The modest chap who applies for Mr. DEPUE's Central Railroad Presidency, in case the latter shall be promoted to a higher office, is probably not aware that it is easier to find an acceptable tenant of the White House than a capable head for a great railroad system.

The greatest public benefactor just now would be a man who could knock the conceit out of that big Boston blower, J. L. SULLIVAN, who lately had a "draw" with "Little MITCHELL."

The Boston and Chicago teams have made a good start—neck and neck. But the records of past seasons show that the start doesn't always indicate the finish.

It is a sharp taster who can tell pool beer with his eyes shut.

Tate Had Every Chance to Steal.
LOUISVILLE, April 23.—The report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the Kentucky Legislature yesterday. The deficit is about \$200,000, the sum already named. This may be reduced to less than \$200,000 if certain patners prove good. The report shows that the greatest carelessness prevails in the Treasurer's office during the regime of twenty years.

DAINTIES FOR THE TABLE.

Sardines, 5 cents each.
Mushrooms, \$1.25 a pound.
Tomatoes, 25 cents a quart.
Green peas, 95 cents a half peck.
Crystallized figs, 50 cents a pound.
Asparagus, 40 to 50 cents a bunch.
West India mangoes, 50 cents a dozen.
India River (Florida) oranges, \$1.25 a dozen.
Chicory, imported from France, 10 cents a head.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

Charles O'Neil, of First avenue, is a stout man with a heavy mustache.
Undertaker Louis Brennan looks much like his brother, the Commissioner.
Ex-Coroner William H. Kennedy is a big undertaker, with a dark mustache.

Big Michael Daly, the East Twenty-sixth street undertaker, wears a full beard.
Undertaker William Coot is a little man, with side-whiskers. He carries on his business near the Morgue.

MET IN JERSEY CITY.

Ex-Assemblyman W. H. Corbin is secretary of the new Trust Guarantee and Trust Company, and has few spare minutes.
Principal J. C. Hinehart, of Public School No. 30, taught the fathers and mothers of his present pupils years ago in the district school.

Will Vidal, who takes the part of Banthorne in the revival of "Patience," at the Jersey City Athletic Club house, is one of the most brilliant amateurs in Jersey City.

Corporation Attorney Hudapeth has secured the old Vreeland homestead on the shore of the bay as a summer residence. The house was built a century ago and occupies the prettiest spot on the shore.

ABOUT WELL-KNOWN MEN.

William Black is well posted on downtown real estate.
Frank Heardsman has surprised his friends by growing quite stout.

Counselor Joseph D. Fay is head over heels in business this spring.
Charles Meier takes a deep interest in the rights of the workmen.

Henry F. Meienbauer is a mighty popular man despite his good name.
Julius Harburger wears a brand-new spring suit and a winning smile nowadays.

Supt. F. W. Houghton, of the Maritime Exchange, is proud of two things—his mustache and his politics.
James S. Ennis, a popular medical student in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, sails for Europe on May 1.

CLICKS IN A TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

The Western Union office at Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue comes next in point of business to the main office.
Nick King, through energy and integrity, advanced from the position of messenger boy to his present position as clerk.

Joe McCullough, the Manager of the A. D. T. Co., is very popular. He is an old timer in the business and began as a messenger boy.

P. J. Casey has been manager there for many years and is very popular. In summer time he supervises the Long Branch offices.
The smiling face of John J. Cleary, who has been with the company for years, is constantly seen through the money-order windows.

Frank Fanning, the night operator, is remarkable not only for the immense amount of adipose tissue he carries, but also for his affability.
James Casey manipulates the pneumatic tubes in the daytime. He is relieved in the evening by Walter Richmond, who is a great baseball player. Both are old fixtures of the W. U. T.

WORLDLINGS.

Cincinnati boasts the biggest pin-ball game in the country. One table in a billiard-room of that city nets the proprietor over \$1,000 a month.
A Louisville man recently called on the proprietor of a hotel in Bullitt County, Ky., and paid him 75 cents for meals he had eaten there fifteen years ago.

William Brown, a negro, living near Thompson, Ga., has had forty-seven children, forty of whom are still living. He has outlived five wives and is now living with his sixth.

Chicago has had seven of the national conventions of the two great political parties, Cincinnati four, Philadelphia two and St. Louis two. New York, Baltimore and Charleston have had one each.

Clarence Thompson, a young lad in Findlay, O., found a bird's nest on the railroad bridge, and, examining it, discovered in place of eggs a silk handkerchief in which three dozen solid gold rings had been wrapped up. They were evidently some thief's booty.

The most progressive official in China is undoubtedly the Governor of Formosa. On Chinese New Year's Day his "Yamen" in Taipei was illuminated by the electric light, and it is his intention to have the whole city lighted by electricity as soon as it may be possible.

E. L. Harper, the Cincinnati bank wrecker, is the duke of the Ohio State Penitentiary. His striped suit is made to the latest style. His vest is cut low, his trousers are of the latest cut, and he wears the newest thing in neckties. A gentleman who saw him lately says that if his clothing were not of striped material he would never be taken for a prisoner.

An old lady on the train between Tallapoosa and Anniston the other day, apparently experiencing her first ride on the cars, was very much disturbed when the train reached the highest point near Anniston. The sensation of the road at this point is very great and the car seems as if suspended in mid-air. As the train passed over the trestle the old lady convulsively grasped the seat and held her breath until the opposite side of the chasm was reached, when she gave a deep sigh of relief and exclaimed: "Thank God! she's hit it!"

Written on Hotel Books.
J. M. McMillen, U. S. N., has quarters at the Grand.
Theodore Bates, of Worcester, is at the Fifth Avenue.
F. H. Mayo, of Richmond, has shelter at the Hoffman.

Franklin Weld, of Boston, is accommodated at the Hoffman.
Senator Fair's family, of San Francisco, are at the Hoffman.
W. C. McGraw, a Detroit broker, has rooms at the Fifth Avenue.

W. B. Kirk, Mayor of Syracuse, is at the Hoffman.
S. I. Kumbal, superintendent of the Life-Saving Service, is at the Hoffman.
George W. Hooker, of Brattleboro, Vt., is spending a few days at the Fifth Avenue.

Orlando Smith, Vice-President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is at the St. James.
Registered at the Hotel Dam are James E. Ford, of Buffalo; A. O. Newton, of Hartford, and James E. Lottrop, of Dover, N. H.

At the Union Square Hotel to-day are E. H. Roberts, of Nashville; Charles Horton, of Syracuse; George H. Everett, of Boston, and William Armour, of Providence.

Staying at the Morton House are John H. Perry, of Los Angeles; George W. Allen, of New Haven; W. A. Holmes, of Boston; E. G. Haynes, of Washington; D. L. Hall, of Boston, and A. J. Schermerhorn, of Boston.

There are four prominent railroad men at the Gilesey. They are R. S. Mitchell, of Detroit; George G. Street, of Rochester; C. S. Tappan, General Manager of the Nickel Plate Road, and O. M. Dorrice, Manager of the Saratoga Mountain line.

THE WORLD: WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 25, 1888.

WORTHY OF PROMOTION;

Incidents Which Make Men Prominent.

By
Hugh Banner

Assistant Chief of Fire Department.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

NE of the most gratifying things to the Chief of a fire battalion is to see the men show themselves efficient, plucky firemen when they are called out for duty by some fire. It is a satisfaction to him to send in a report in which he is enabled to speak with praise of the conduct of some courageous fellow who has exposed his own life to danger in order to help rescue some other human being.

These instances are not uncommon. It is a comfort and a stimulus to a fireman to know that his name will be entered in the Roll of Merit, and that perhaps the medal of the year may fall to him. It is the highest accidental honor that can befall him. It is the special official recognition of his personal, spontaneous, good deed. The report is submitted to the Commissioners, and if they judge that the action of the man or men mentioned in the report of the Chief of Battalion is worthy of the distinction of being inscribed on the record which is preserved in the Department, this is signified by them, and the Secretary enters their names in the honored list of those who have distinguished themselves by plucky rescues or bold personal exposure in their work at the fire.

I recall two instances of good work done by firemen while I was a Chief of Battalion. Not that they were the solitary examples of this kind of daring, but they furnish a good idea of the sort of thing which the department recognizes as most befitting a fireman and as most deserving of the approbation of the citizens of our community.

Every brave deed done by a fireman is something which entitles him to the encomiums of the community. For the citizens are the ones who are benefited by the firemen's duties, and it is the interest of the community to indorse with its praise and approval all conduct which shows that the men are worthy members of the body.

Col. John H. Gaylor, of Gov. Hill's staff, has returned from Europe. While in Paris he captured cognac with Gen. Boulanger.

Ex-Alderman John Quinn, of the Seventeenth Assembly District, would like to be a member of the American Parliament.

John J. Sennell, the Tammany leader in the Eleventh Assembly District, is home. He spent part of the winter at the Hot Springs.

Col. Thomas Duplat, the veteran Democrat, met Felix McCloskey, and this is what the Colonel whispered into Felix's ear: "What is the horse-shoe?"

There is nothing left of the Irving Hall organization in the Twenty-second District. It has been gobbled up by the County Democracy.

THIRD AVENUE.

BEAVER AND SKILLFUL RIDERS.

Mounted Policemen Who Risk Their Lives to Stop Runaway Horses.

It is seldom that the deeds of mounted policemen are seen in print, notwithstanding the fact that many of their captures are worthy of mention.

One of these occurred a few days ago in Central Park, when a horse attached to a phaeton occupied by W. Brinkman, of 183 East Ninety-fifth street, took fright at something and dashed furiously along the west side of the park, making an exit from the park by the One Hundred and Tenth street gate.

Mounted Policemen Andrea started at once in pursuit, but as the runaway had a good start at present he was in the lead. Taking it until One Hundred and Twelfth street was reached, where the runaway collided with a phaeton occupied by Mrs. Cartwright and a lady friend.

One of the hind wheels of Mrs. Cartwright's phaeton was broken off at the axle and the ladies were thrown out. Mrs. Cartwright being slightly out on her head, and the other lady being thrown out of her seat, the ladies were thrown out of their seats, and the phaeton was thrown out of its track.

As the carriage was swinging from side to side of the drive any attempt to stop the horses was a difficult and dangerous undertaking. But the duty did not deter Mounted Policemen Wilson from starting in pursuit.

Bending low in his saddle, like a Comanche Indian, his expert horsemanship enabled him to avoid the flying horse, and at Ninety-sixth street and the exit from the park, he succeeded in stopping the maddened animal, amid a burst of applause from the onlookers.

JOHNSTON WILL BACK JOHN L.

A Brooklyn Sporting Man Thinks Sullivan Is Still the Greatest Fighter.

"I am ready to put up \$10,000 of my own money," said Charles Johnston, the well-known Brooklyn patron of the many art last night, to a reporter, "to back my opinion that John L. Sullivan can whip Kilrain, Mitchell or any other man in this country who I know are willing to put \$10,000 individually to back John against anybody." Mr. Johnston said that while he had perfect confidence in Sullivan as an invincible pugilist, he was aware that the Boston boy must now do something to recover his laurels after his fight with Mitchell. Mr. Johnston said that Kilrain and Mitchell would be in New York next month and he believed it would not be long before Sullivan and the champion would meet.

"Do you think Sullivan and Mitchell will meet again?" "I do not," was the emphatic reply. "There isn't enough money that Mitchell could possibly make by such a match to induce him to meet Sullivan. Mitchell is a smart fellow. He is going to keep his laurels." In conclusion, Mr. Johnston said that Sullivan was only thirty years old, was in prime condition, as he had been advised, and would undoubtedly in a short time assert his superiority over all other exponents of the manly art. Mr. Johnston said that he was making money, John L. didn't take a drop of any of the big money.

It is probable that there will be a big dinner in New York in honor of John L. Sullivan after the Boston demonstration.

Judicious Criticism.

Artist—That, sir, is my latest production—"Sunset on the Shenandoah." Studio Lounger—Sunset, eh?

Artist—Yes; merely a pot-boiler. Studio Lounger—Pot-boiler? H-m, I should judge it would not only boil the pot, but eat out the entire Fire Department!

Bills Passed at Albany.

ALBANY, April 23.—Among other bills passed yesterday were Mr. Crosby's, prohibiting the erection of the proposed Central Court building in the City Hall Park; Mr. Wright's bill, increasing the salaries of the Chief Clerk of the Court of General Sessions to \$5,000, deputies to \$5,000, stenographers to \$2,000, interpreters to \$2,500 and \$2,000; Mr. Kelly's, increasing salaries of Brooklyn patrolmen to \$1,000, \$1,100 and \$1,200.

A Steamship Company Considered.
Coroner Meersman held an inquest yesterday in the case of Wilhelmus Van Winkle, son of a wealthy real-estate holder of Passaic, N. J., who was killed by falling down the hold of the Bermuda steamship "Holland" while waiting for his brother of the jury during the steamship company for not having proper guards around the hatchway.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

WORK AND WAGES OF THE ELEVATOR-TENDERS OF NEW YORK.

On Day Twelve Hours a Day for \$15 a Month and Board—An Effort to Be Made to Organize Them So that Their Pay May Be Equalized and Their Hours of Work Regulated—Is the Law Enforced?

There are in this city about seven thousand tenders or runners of passenger and freight elevators in office and business buildings and flats and hotels. These workers range in age from the boy of fifteen to the man of sixty years.

The law requires that no person under eighteen years of age shall be employed in running a passenger elevator, but it is a fact that some youths under that age are so employed.

The wages of elevator tenders in the large flat houses average \$19 per month each, and they are employed on an average thirteen hours out of the twenty-four.

In the hotels the pay averages \$15 per month with board and lodging. The average number of hours of labor is twelve.

The average pay of the elevator tenders in large wholesale houses and manufacturers where heavy freight is handled is \$10 a week and the hours of work are ten.

In quite a large number of business houses there are no regular elevator tenders employed, the work being done by porters and other employees engaged in different duties. In some places even young boys and girls are permitted to run the elevators, thereby endangering the lives and limbs of themselves and others, as shown by a number of accidents which have happened.

In a Mercer street manufactory an employer was killed while attempting to run his elevator.

The accident that occurred last summer at Seidenberg's lace manufactory in Mercer street, whereby a fireman, who was also employed in running the freight elevator, was crippled for life and a young woman was killed and several young women were injured, also demonstrated the necessity of a strict observance of the law, which prohibits the use of a freight elevator for carrying passengers, and the importance of employing competent and responsible men to take charge of elevators.

There are several inspectors employed by the Board of Health to see that the city's duty is to see that all passenger elevators are in good order and in charge of competent persons.

The elevator tenders in the large office buildings average about \$28 a month. Their ages range from eighteen to fifty-five years. As a rule they are competent men, and their positions are more desirable than the places of those similarly employed in other buildings.

Efforts have been made from time to time, to organize this class of workers, with a view towards improving their condition and regulating the wages and hours of their labor, but thus far without success.

At a recent meeting of the Miscellaneous Section of the Central Labor Union one of the speakers called attention to the matter. The Organization Committee was instructed to inquire into it and endeavor to organize the elevator tenders.

LOVES TROUBLES AIRED IN COURT.

Letters Wherein Poired Sentiment and Baby's Teeth Played Lending Parts.

Mrs. Mary Williams, formerly a society belle of Philadelphia, is suing for separation from her husband, Dr. Cornelius Williams, on the ground of abandonment. Dr. Williams was formerly a well-known club man and physician in New York and at present he is in the city of the woolly west.

Mrs. Williams gave her side of the story before Judge Beach yesterday. She said that she had been married to Dr. Williams for twelve years, and that she had borne him three children. She said that she had been abandoned by him, and that she had been forced to support her children on her own resources.

A baby was born in April, 1880, and Mrs. Williams came from Philadelphia to take care of her daughter. Dr. Williams objected to his mother-in-law's presence in the house, and as soon as his wife recovered insisted that she should give up her mother and take the baby went to live on Twenty-eighth street.

A great deal of correspondence between the parties was produced in court. It showed Dr. Williams to be somewhat arbitrary and Mrs. Williams to be somewhat sentimental. Dr. Williams' procees were mingled with instructions about the baby's teeth. In 1881 Dr. Williams took the dust of New York from his feet and went to Minnesota. He came to New York once a year to see the child, but never put into practice a threat to obtain a divorce which he had made.

A Desperate Expedient.
[From Puck.]
Harriet Parent—Now, my dear, get out the darning needles, and I fancy we'll tame the "no children" landlord's snarl in a bit of May.

Henry Thought It Was a Joke.
Judge Barrett denied the application of Mrs. Nellie Toch for alimony in her suit for divorce against her husband, Henry Toch, yesterday. The cause of the trouble between the couple was a too early marriage.

Young Toch was barely eighteen, and looked much younger, at the time the marriage ceremony was performed. He was a Justice in New Jersey. He and Nellie, who was a year younger, had been sweethearts for a long time.

Nellie's parents, so Toch asserted, thought his father was wealthy. They persuaded him one afternoon to go through a mock marriage ceremony before a justice. He thought the whole matter was a joke, and did not inform his parents about it.

Toch, through his parents, has asked to have the marriage annulled.

The Maritime Exchange Election.
The stated Maritime Exchange, which generally is as quiet as a quaker meeting, yesterday presented quite an animated appearance. The occasion was the annual election, over which, for almost the first time in the history of the oldest members, there was a spirited contest.

Some time ago the Nominating Committee announced the regular ticket, but it did not meet the approval of the younger members, who would have a ticket elected that would give them a livelier administration than heretofore. The young men made a clever sweep for the presidency, electing President; Charles S. Whitney, Vice-President, and Henry Stauffer, Treasurer. Cort H. Clayton, of New York, and Lewis H. Spence and Charles W. Hogan were elected directors.

\$250 for Her Baby's Life.
Mrs. Celia Goldson obtained a verdict of \$250 in Judge O'Brien's court yesterday for the death of her four-months-old baby, killed by the fall of plastering in the tenement-house No. 329 East Thirty-third street, owned by William Gilliam.

Mrs. Goldson had placed her baby in the care of Mrs. John Salway while she was at work. The ceiling of Mrs. Salway's room was in a dangerous condition and she sent her little girl Kate to ask her mother to come and see the ceiling. She had no attention to her message and the ceiling fell two days later, killing the baby. Little Kate Salway, who was only three years old, was injured and created a sensation by giving a graphic account of the accident. Mrs. Goldson's suit was for \$5,000.

THE TENDER PITTY ROUSED.

A Touching Scene in Capt. Kelly's Station-House This Morning.

On two chairs lay the little frame of Joey Bennis, an eight-year-old colored boy who lived in West Thirty-fifth street. He was bolstered up by the coats of half a dozen tender-hearted policemen, and the owners of the coats stood about the improvised bed in their shirt-sleeves, their faces full of pity, and their voices subdued and tender.

Innocent little Joey Bennis had been run over by a butcher's wagon. The dusky little boy was gambolling in Thirtieth street when the butcher's wagon dashed around the corner of Seventh avenue. A fat, speckled, awkward butcher boy was driving a stumpy-headed horse attached to the wagon. Neither heeded the frantic yells of a woman on the sidewalk, and in an instant the little colored boy was crushed in the dust.

He was killed outright, however, for he yelled aloud. Kind hands ran to pick the little fellow up, and he was taken to the station-house. There the amateur surgeons of the patrol force concluded immediately that both legs were broken and the lad had suffered internal injuries besides.

Joey cried lustily and the sleek bluecoats of the patrol force, who were called in by a kind-hearted policeman, looked on with pity and sympathy. Handsome Sgt. Sheldon's tender heart was stirred, and he sent out a hurly call for an ambulance, and a policeman to ferret out the escaped butcher boy and bring him to answer for his crime.

Bluff Supt. Smithberger came out of his room with a lathering-pot in one hand and a razor in the other, and compassionately rubbed the little fellow's face with the lathering-pot.

A colored woman who came in and recognized Joey ran to tell his mother that he might have the comfort of seeing him alive and well.

Three ambulances came as many hospitals drew up at the station, New York leading. A young surgeon alighted. He handled that delicate little colored boy with the care of a mother, and he supposed that there was a capacity for suffering in the little frame.

With a keen-bladed lance the surgeon ripped open the boy's chest and thrust in the little fellow, cut the shoes from off his feet and found—after a careful and praiseworthy examination—that he had probably stubbed his toe on a stone and fallen for a moment from the cruel hoofs of the butcher's horse.

Of course, everybody said that he thought that the boy was more scared than hurt all right, and that the doctor's fingers hurt his toes. The surgeon looked disgusted as he got into the ambulance again. Sgt. Smithberger resumed his lathering and Sgt. Sheldon said that it was better to err as he had done in New York City than to risk letting a real sufferer go unattended.

Joey Bennis started to walk home, with his mangled trousers pinned together and the surgeon's fingers in his eyes. He was taken by his mother and another colored person entered the station—the latter person bringing news of the identity of the butcher's boy who had murdered the little chap.

IT WAS NO LOAD FOR OLD TOM.

They Have an Easy Way of Moving Buildings in Central Park.

In order to widen a path facing the lion-houses in Central Park, it was found necessary to move one of the camel's houses back about one hundred feet. Accordingly, the house was placed upon rollers, and after the necessary ropes were attached, a team of about a hundred of the Park workmen spent the best part of an hour moving the house about ten feet.

It was then suggested that one of the elephants be utilized as a means of propulsion, and old Tom, the largest of the three, was selected for the task.

The harness was scarcely in position when Tom, with a snort of defiance at the lightness of the load, dragged the house easily the required distance with any urging from Keeper Snyder's steel spur.

THEY FOUGHT FOR A WOMAN'S LOVE.

Fifteen Women and a Councilman Watched Two Hackmen Use Their Fists.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]
OMAHA, April 23.—To settle a dispute over a woman for whose affections both were rivals, Peter Dohi and Lewis Ellis, hack drivers, fought ten rounds with two witnesses, London practicing rules, about 11 o'clock Monday night at a road house just north of the city limits, before about one hundred and fifty people, including fifteen women and a city councilman.

When the fight was called for the first round both men came promptly, and without the formality of shaking hands began slugging in earnest. Ellis landed a terrific left-hander on Dohi's nose, both men clinched and, after a sharp struggle, went down with Ellis on top. In the second round Dohi charged on Dohi's face and chest, but they were returned with interest.

The women were about divided in their sympathies and by shrill cries urged the sluggers to do their worst. The fight continued for the ninth round Ellis's second hand to raise him out of his corner and fairly drag him to the centre of the ring, and when the fight was called for the tenth round he had had enough. The referee then declared the fight in favor of Dohi. Old sporting men present said it was the fiercest battle ever fought in Omaha.